A GRAND OLD POEM. Who shall Judge a man from manner Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less, Crumpled shirt and dirty looks May beciothe the gold of the deepest thoughts and profits that west could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of stone There are purple buds and golden Hidden, crushed, and overgrown. God, who counts by souls, not dresses. Loves and prospers you and me, While He values thrones the highest But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows, OR forgets his follows then; Masters, rulers, lords remember, That your meanest kind are men— Men of labor, men by feeling, Men by thought, and men by fame, Claiming equal right to sunsh

There are foam-embroidered oceans, There are little well-clad rills, There are feeble inch-high saplings God, who counts by souls, not station, Loves and prospers you and me, For to Him all vain distinctions Are as publics in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame; Fed, and fattened on the same; By the sweat of others' forcheads, Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom

Vainly lifted up its voice, Truth and justice are eternal. Secret wrongs shall never prosper While there is a sunny right; God, whose world-heard voice is singing Boundless love to you and me, Binks oppression with its titles. As the publics in the sen.

THE

STORY OF A STRANGE JURY.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, get entangled in a misadventure. So escorted by four gendarmes, was placed firmly were the good townsfolk persuadin the dock of the Court of Assize, ed that the Major possessed an evil eye, Major. there was a general stir among the crowd that their common expression, when which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit-not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and usually content with the fare. One day, sends to oblivion in the convict prisons however, after having caten some bread of the State. He had figured at Augtil soup, he cast his eye along the table, in the columns of the newspapers; and frowned, and calling the host, said: while M. Lepervier had undertaken his "How comes it that the dinner to-day defence, M. Louraugain, the Attorney-General, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known they were to be pitted against each other, in any cause, crowds immediately flocked in the town." to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard balls. perfect riot of tro and figpassing even that of the Abbe Delille. my pillow."

eight years old, with foxy hair, a high up. "I am regularly sold—they're quite color, and small, cunning gray eyes. He lean." and air of stolid cunning, was placed in served him to light his cigars, the dock, the names of the twelve jurors

and always dressed in black; his mousclock struck ten, when he lit his eigar, silent bow, took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said: "Goodnight, Major!" Then the Major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply: "Good-night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was remarked that whoever thus ventured to address the Major, politely offering his eigarthe Major was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to

"He must have said 'good-night' to the Major." This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed

"Monsieur no doubt forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton chops." "Impossible, Major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's

"Let me have some fowl."

is entirely meagre?"

"That is not to be had either." "What a set of fools!" exclaimed the Major, striking his elenched hand on the each other, like Virgil's playful shep- "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring

Every individual substantive was as The poor host trembled, and grew regularly followed by its attendant ad- very pale when Baptiste returned with jective as the great lady of the last century a double-barrelled gun, beautifully inwas followed by her train-bearing page, laid with silver. The Major coolly ex-In this pompous diction a man became amined the locks, put on fresh caps, a mortal, a horse a courser; the moon cocked both barrels, and walked out, was styled pale Dian. My father and followed at a respectable distance by my mother were never called so, but in- the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not variably the "authors of my being;" far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal whose angular projections were haunted vase, a knife a sword, a car a charlot, by many ravens. Two large ones flew and a breeze became a whirlwind; all out of the turret just as the Major came of which, no doubt, tended to produce a up and took aim for a double shot. style of exceeding sublimity and beauty. Down tumbled both the unclean birds Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built at his feet.

fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty- "Sacre bleu!" said he, picking them

was accused of having strangled his He returned to the hotel, and accordfire to the house, wherein his three chil- a savory stew, and the other simply am a man of honordren perished. Such an accumulation roasted. Of both dishes he partook so of horrors had shed quite a romantic heartily that not a vestige of either rehalo round their perpetrator. Ladies mained, and he declared that he had of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to never eaten more relishing food. From look at him; and his autograph was in that day the Major became an object of wonderful request as soon as it became uneasiness to some, of terror to others, tion is a fresh insult?" known that Madame Cesarine Langelot, of curiosity to all. Whenever he apof rhetoric and a problem by the engi- and each old woman that met him in flattered by such close juxtaposition to enter a church or accept an invitawith the interesting pet prisoner. When tion; at first he used to receive a good Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow many of these, and the perfumed billets

whether they wished to exercise their the audience were moved at hearing the view." right of challenge. Both declined offer- name of Major Vernon. The paper of ing any objection to twelve such honor- accusation, notwithstanding drawn up able names; but the Attorney-General by the Attorney-General with a force in a trembling voice. added that he would require the adding and particularity of description which seemed to say: "Will not you challenge him now and then half open his dull, despair, at being refused by you a short ed church, tore down its gilded cross. him?" But neither of them did so; an brutish eyes. When the clerk had ceased renewal, which he had implored on his officer conducted Major Vernon into his to read Pierre Granger was with diffi- knees." the last two years. Every one gave him its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiend-started from his brow. ed. He seemed to have neither family agree; he had set his house on fire besome here to act seemes from the 'Mes ful rodomontates of Number 19,788 211 to his taste or judgment. Their authors and to burn; and to those who have nevnor friends; and when any of his ac- cause it was a cold night, and he wanted moirs of the Devil?"

manner by no means calculated to ens squalling little things—no loss to him or sieur de Barbine, to calm your nerves!" nal, who was sent to the galleys for life, much like him? Does not this remind courage curiosity. "Do I trouble my to any one else. It would be tedious Your shabby old town suits me well ing trial. M. Louraugain and M. Leper- tise you." enough as a residence, but if you don't vier both made marveleously eloquent think I have a right to live in it, I shall speeches, but the latter deserved pecube most happy to convince you of the Har credit, having so very bad a cause fact at daybreak to-morrow, with gan, to sustain. Although he well knew his sword, or pistol." Major Vernon was client was as thorough a scoundrel as sense, I must beg to decline. You don't tried to rob and murder Major Vernon. the education of the mind to elevated death, and will no doubt be remembered precisely the man to keep his word; the ever breathed, and that his condemna- kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bar- habits, and a daily recognition of the by many persons who read the present few persons who had entered his lodg- tion would be a blessing to society, yet dine, you murder them. Have you for- tie asylum, so that you will probably be comely and ideal in spite of the perti- notice. His age; his venerable beard; ings reported that his bedroom resemble he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's gotten your duel with Monsieur de Lille his fluency; his remarkable memory, bled an armory, so fully was it furnish- conscientiousness. When he got to the lar, which took place, I am told, with- ous inventions." ed with all sorts of murderous weapons. peroration he managed to squeeze from out witnesses. While he was off his Notwithstanding this he seemed a very his eyes a few rare tears, the last and guard you treacherously struck him respectable sort of man, regular in his most precious, I imagine, which he care- through the heart. The prospect of a has lived at Toulon, beloved and respect- tion of which we are so easily betrayed. habits, punctual in his payments, and found of smoking excellent cigars, sent occasion—just as some families preserve through the last twelve years. You occasion—just as some families preserve means enticing."

In prospect of a mass rived at Toulon, beloved and respect the next. The prospect of a mass rived at Toulon, beloved and respect the next. The prospect of a mass rived at Toulon, beloved and respect. As the record of our best experiences see him and hear him discourse upon will probably see him today, smoking and hear him discourse upon fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent occasion—just as some families preserve means enticing." him, he used to say, by a friend in Ha- a few bottles of fine old wine, to be vanna. He was tall, very thin, bald, drunk at the marriage of a daughter or Bardine's neighbors drew off. the coming of age of a son. At length taches curled to a point, and he invariathe case closed, and the president was sneered the Major. "It especially be bly wore his hat cocked over his right going to sum up; but as the heat in the comes you, Monsieur Darien-" car. In the evenings he used to frequent court was excessive, and every one presthe public reading-rooms of the town, ent stood in need of refreshments, leave in my teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman but he never played at any game, or was given for the jury to retire for half addressed. conversed with the company, remaining an hour, and the hall was cleared for absorbed in his newspaper until the the same space of time, in order that it ply, that while Monsieur de Bardine at least one young poet quarterly at the might undergo a thorough ventilation. kills his friends, you only dishonor twisted his moustache, and with a stiff, During this interval, while twelve jurors yours. Monsieur Simon, whose house, were cooling themselves with ices and table, and purse are yours, has a pretty sherbet, the thirteenth lighted a cigar, wife-" and reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an en- Calfat, let us call things by their proper vious eye the odoriferous little clouds names. The only villain among us, I escaping from the smoker's lips,

"If it would not trespass too much on

your kindness." " By no means. You are heartily welcome." The jurer took a cigar and light- fat's lips as he covered his face with his ed it at that of his obliging neighbor. hands

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly another, looking flercely at Vernon. any one met with a misfortune, was: pleasant aroma. From whence are you

supplied ?" ors now approached, casting longing your hand, and making the dice turn up glances at Major Vernon's cigar-case.

honor of accepting some,"

announce that the court had resumed At length Vernon burst into a strange, ged permission to retire, as he felt very a fault, and a fault which you would the sake of verse-making. Metrical in- journey-work of this kind is performed, distance by a game to an appointment a considerable and sported, jested, and struggled with Then he called the waiter, and said, Vernon to take his place. Six strokes for masses to be said to her purpose-if herds. There was a luxury of epithets, me the infaid carbine which hangs over hall as the jury retired to deliberate on caused to be raised to her memory a their verdict in the case of Pierre Gran- beautiful square white marble monuger. Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with ment, with a flowery epitaph on it in one voice that the wretched assassin's gold letters-why, then we should all guilt was perfectly clear, and that they have shed tears of sympathy, and culocould not hesitate for a moment as to gized Pierre Granger as the model of a their decision. Major Vernon, however, tender husband. Don't you agree with stood up, placed his back against the me, Monsieur Norbee?" door, and regarding his colleagues with M. Norbee started as if he had receiv-

you shall all do the same!" "Sir," replied the foreman, in a se us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I then so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the Major meekly.

you quite sure of that?"

"Do you know, sir, that such a ques-

not so certain."

" Just so, Monsieur Cernau."

"Not very intimately, my dear sir,

head about your affairs?" he would say. to pursue all the details of this disgust- certainly do myself the pleasure to chas-

" As how ?"

honor to meet you to-morrow."

With an instinctive movement M. de

"I admire such virtuous indignation,

"What Infamy are you going to cast

"Oh, very little-a mere trifle-sim-

"Major," eried the other juror, "you are a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur believe, is the man who himself set fire "Would you like to try one?" asked to his house six months after having insured it at treble its value in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Cal-

"Well, how do you like it?" asked the "Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked

"Who am I, Monsieur Peron? Simply one who can appreciate your very "From the Havanna." Several jur- rare dexterity in holding court cards in as you please,"

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really M. Peron gave an involuntary start, grieved that I have not a single eigar and thenceforth held his peace. The left to offer you, having just given the seene, aided by the darkness of approachlast to our worthy friend. To-morrow, ing night, had now assumed a terrific however, I hope to have a fresh supply, aspect. The voice of the Major rung in and shall then ask you to do me the the cars of eleven pale, trembling men with a cold, metallic distinctness, as it At that moment an official came in to each word inflicted a blow.

its sitting; the jury hastened to their sharp, hissing laugh. "Well, my honbox, and the president began his charge, orable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does Scarcely had he commenced, however, this poor Pierre Granger still appear to when the juror who had smoked the you to be unworthy of the slightest cigar rose, and in a trembling voice beg- pity? I grant you, he has committed timely, against the making of verses for It is wonderful how much clever told that when in this section he was ing he fell backward, and lay senseless has not your eleverness in masking his veyed to his home, and desired Major killed his wife, he had paid handsomely sounded from the old clock of the town he had purchased a burial ground, and

peculiarly sinister expression, said ed an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; "I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and she died of a pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the Major; you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearvere tone, "you are answerable to your ly forgotten. Madam Norbec, who posconscience for your own actions, but I sessed a large fortune in her own right, do not see what right you have to offer died without issue five months after she had made you her sole legatee."

"Bah!" interrupted the Major, "are burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my

An ominous silence ensued; the Ma- not guilty—and Pierre Granger was dis- who accepts sound for sense, without at this moment remember. jor's words seemed to strike home to charged amid the hisses and execrations any suspicion of the trick which is playthrough a side door.

quaintances ventured to sound him on to make a good blaze to warm himself; the subject, he always answered in a so to his children, they were dirty, the Major; "but I advise you, Mon-Number 19,788 is an atrocious crimf- as Tennyson? Is it not, at least, very New York Nation.

"Sir, you are impertment, and I shall and who during the last few months has you of Mr. Browning? Might not this tion. His monomania consists chiefly own productions?" Of course there is in telling stories to prove that all judges bitter disappointment,

Columbian.

"And who is Major Vernon?"

dinner of the Crown Hotel."

VERSE-MAKING.

IT was once the custom in many reviews, calling themselves Christian and civilized, and so regarded each by its private sect or following, to immolate shrine of stony-faced and rocky-bosomed criticism. It was esteemed a charming diversion, if not an act of religion, in the days of Mr. Gifford or of Mr. Wilson Croker, to make some timid and feeble rhymer ridiculous, to put him out of countenance by merciless sneering, and to demonstrate his folbles and failures for the amusement of a giggling public. Pope set the fashion of denounce ing dunces, and all the writers who had bad hearts, and could string together ten-syllabled couplets, thought it manly and vigorous to follow his somewhat peevish example. Criticism, however purposeless and virulent, is apt to assume the airs of an offended and impatient morality, and to take credit to itself for smiting remorselessly and concientiously. But imbecility, at least when it is inoffensive, should be privileged, and professional flaw-picking, exercised sheerly for the purpose of giving pain, is no more respectable than the professional flogging and pickling which prevailed not long ago in certain parts of the United States. At the same time, while avoiding all personal application, we may venture to point out a foible which is a well-marked and not altogether an encouraging characteristic of our own day, and to suggest to the innumerable writers of verse that, however much they may be permitted to sing for fit words and music for the general sayings in his personal association with their own sake, the world just now has but small need of their wares. Goethe once boasted that, in all his life, he had from a recollection of what has pleased ter of a century, repeated by those who "never thought about thinking," and them, and spe the minstrel airs of the heard them. But in his case even rewe would enter a protest which we are Byron of yesterday or of the Tennyson marks which were unimportant were sure is honest, and which we think is of to-day.

ill. Indeed, while in the act of speak- not have committed in his place. He dulgence, both in England and this and from one point of view it is encourures, a delicious confusion of periphrases table with such force that the bottles on the floor. The president, of course, turpitude with a show of virtue—that and inveterate habit, not cultivated as plishment does indicate, we are free to and metaphors. All the figures of rhetrecled and rocked just as if all the wine directed that he should be carefully conwas his real crime. Now, if after having it should be, if at all, in a corner, but admit, a degree of popular refinement, published to all the world, which is con- and even a good bit of appreciative companion, and among other things tinually challenged to admire endless taste. But there is nothing new in it, asked whether a particular but somevariations of a few themes long ago We suppose that there was a mob of what extravagant story told about him worn threadbare. Facility of execution, gentlemen in Rome who wrote easily, was true. Old Dow paused a moment, at best a natural or acquired knack, is as we know that there was in England and fixing his eyes upon the Nob, exmistaken for genuine inspiration; nor in the days of Dryden. But schools, claimed: does there seem to be any pretence of magazines, newspapers have made this considering whether the world is in poetical imitation cheap and common, need of any addition to its already large while the passion for printing has kept poetical stock. It is with the most sin- pace with the multiplied mechanical cere kindness that we take the liberty facilities of printing-the power-press of pointing out, particularly to the being responsible for thousands of volyoung, the waste of time, of strength, unies which nothing can save from oband of mental serenity which this uni- livion, and which represent more heart-

versal strumming involves, Twenty years ago there was exhibited more ludierous self-complacency than tom in that part of the country. At a in London a machine, not the human we care to compute. Poetry has grown late hour in the night the alarm was product of a college, but literally a ma- to be like photography. We have all given that one of the company had lost terial machine, which made excellent one's friends and acquaintances in our his pocket-book, and a search was pro-Latin hexameters. The unfortunate in- albums in their holiday raiment, and posed. Whereupon the landlard reventor had spent thirteen precious years with a perpetual putting on of their marked that Lorenzo Dow was in the Then the Major was silent. They were of his life in perfecting "the Eureka," best looks; and altogether they are not now in total darkness. Suddenly came as he called it. Without wasting our worth so much to us as some old portrait he knew that Lorenzo could find it. "Certainly, in supposing us capable the sharp click of a pistol, and the ob- time in explaining this curious puzzle, of some unknown man or woman long. The suggestion was instantly received wife, cut up the body into pieces, and ing to his express orders, one moiety of of breaking the solemn oath which we scurity was for a moment brightened by it is enough to say that it actually ago dead, the painter of which knew the with approbation, and accordingly Mr. have taken, to do impartial justice. I a flash, but there was no report—the ground out hexameters which were like secret of avoiding that air of conscious Dow was aroused from his slumbers, weapon had missed fire. The Major those of Virgil in some respects, but propriety which no sitter before the caconsiderably unlike them in others. It seems to us that it is very much in be found with the photograph except through the company with searching A general murmur of indignation dear sir," he exclaimed, addressing the this way that many modern brains proforeman, "you were the only honest duce what its authors call poetry, and ly like that it is not like at all. It is could fix guilt upon any one. The loser man in the party; and see how, to its judicious critics verse. It is a literal equally hard to say, sometimes, why or appeared with a countenance expressive oblige me, you have made an attempt making. The memory is full of phrases, in what poetical disciples are not the of great concern, and besought Mr. "You are quite mistaken," said Major on my person which places you on an the ear of familiar quantities; fashion equals of their masters; but the myster Dow, for Heaven's sake, to find him his the lioness of the district, possessed some peared on the public promenade every Vernon. "What I said was drawn honorable level with Pierre Granger!" or accident supplies the subject, and daiwords of his writing in her album, one avoided him; at the theatre his box forth by a feeling of the solemn respon- Then, having rung the bell, he called ly practice renders the construction easy.

sibility which rests with us. Before I for candles, and when they were brought so skilful sometimes is this species of their finest tunes of the charm of sincan resolve to make a dead body of a in, he said: "Come, gentlemen, I sup- metrical manufacture, that it is hard to cerity. Byron said of Mr. Sotheby that neer-in-chiefof the department—neither the street invariably stopped to cross her-living, moving being, I must feel satis- pose you don't want to sleep here; let determine with accuracy, while we feel he had imitated all the poets of his time, gentleman, to say the truth, being much self. Major Vernon was never known fiel that both you and I are less guilty us make haste and finish our business." its deficiency, in what that deficiency and had occasionally beaten all his mo-Ten minutes afterwards the foreman consists. There is a modest respecta- dels; yet a verse-maker more entirely handed in the issue paper—a verdiet of bility which deceives the careless reader forgotten than Mr. Southeby we cannot Such, then, was the thirteenth juror every breast, and at length one of the crowd, who, indeed, were only ed upon his ear. Coleridge once wrote a were drawn by lot, and the president drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, jurors said: "You seem, sir, to regard prevented by a strong military force few verses of absolute nonsense in the cause of Pierre Granger, jurors said: "You seem, sir, to regard prevented by a strong military force few verses of absolute nonsense in the demanded of the council on either side and it may easily be understood why the question from a shillosophic point of from assaulting both judge and jury. manner of Dr. Darwin, which he read turned to good account. It is from the

Major Vernon coolly walked up to the to a lady, who rewarded him by serious- folly of printing, or attempting to print, dock, and passing his arm under that of ly exclaiming, "Ah, Mr. Coleridge, that we would good-naturedly dissuade "You know me, then?" said the juror Pierre Granger, went out with him now I see that you are a poet," This hundreds of estimable persons. The we admit to be an extreme illustration; young gentleman who can make a elevof a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of a mid profound silence, broken only by and on the paper appeared the name of amid profound silence, broken only by fondness for discounting bills at what country. That night there was a ter- confounding them, whose work, we play tolerably well a concerto of Bec-Major Vernon. At the sound a slight the snoring of the prisoner, who had cool- your enemies might call usurious inter- rifle thunder-storm; the ripe harvest must say, unfortunately, has just sense they enemies might call usurious intermurmur was heard among the specially settled himself to sleep. The general was beaten down by hallstones as large enough in it to save it from wholesome the Academy. The best declaimer of tors, while MM. Lourangain and Leper-darmes tried to rouse him from his slum- that an honest poor man, the father of as pigeon's eggs, and a flash of lightning and decisive condemnation. If they vier exchanged a rapid glance which ber, but they merely succeeded in making a large family, blew out his brains, in striking the steeple of the old ivy-cover- were absolute fools they would soon be laughed into silence; but as their stan- we have amateur fiddlers and painters gas are to a certain extent rational, the and planists content with strictly doappointed place, and amid profound si- culty thoroughly awakened, and the Without replying M. Cernau retired one day last year by a convict in the in- a fatal affability, and has no call to forlence the indictment was read. Major president proceeded to question him, to the farthest corner of the room, and firmary of the prison at Toulon. I have give a medicerity which it is too indolent rhyme without the least ambition, and Vernon had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title and the military tit the military title, yet none could tell ishness of the wretch. He had killed when, or where, or whom he had serve his wife, he said, because they couldn't like wife, he said, like wife, he said, because they couldn't like wife, he said, be "What do you mean? This history—" naturally do not understand their rejector er experienced the latter gratification we the hands." "Is false, from beginning to end, tion, "Is not this," they say, "as good cordially commend the experiment.

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ial contract.

For the Colambian LORENZO DOW.

THIs remarkable and eccentric preacher was born in Coventry, Tolland Coun-"With my sword. I shall do you the and jurors are rogues and villains. He We readily admit that verse-making died in Georgetown, District of Columwas himself found guilty, by a most re- is an elegant accomplishment, an inno- bia, February 2, 1834. He visited North-"An honor which, being a man of spectable and upright jury, of having cent amusement, and a real auxiliary in ern Pennsylvania shortly before his garities of life. It is, or it can be trained natural shrewdness, and independence to be, a protection against those low of character, created curiosity and re-"A brave old half-pay officer, who aims and selfish purposes into the adopspect, and improptu audiences could be will probably see him to-day, smoking and healthiest discipline, as a memo-the religious, moral, historical, and biohis Havanna cigar, after the table-d'hote randum of our sincerest resolutions and graphical topics of which he was a masmost earnest regrets, as a relief to the ter. His eccentricity, oddity, and indesorrow which otherwise might too bit- pendence; his unusual way of life; and terly prey upon the mind, as a grateful his wide and prolonged experience of trbute to love or affection, as the natu- men and human affairs, both in America ral expression of a certain class of noble and Europe, gave him a hold upon popular dovely thoughts, verse may be the readiest and most appropriate form of ability and the matter of his discourses. recording so much of our life as we wish But as was natural enough, he was someespecially to remember. It may train times regarded as insane, and called the hand as a fine landscape trains the "Crazy Dow," and sometimes by ignoeye, and make the best words and phra-rant people he was reputed to possess ses habitual in our conversation. But supernatural powers, as is shown by the the chief charm not less than the chief story which we shall quote at the conutility of this private verse-making is clusion of this article.

in its indomitable privacy, and in the Dow was undoubtedly a philanthroindignation and just self-estimate with pist, and during his prolonged life went which it shrinks from publication. "I through a prodigious amount of labor have painted many bad pictures," said for the spiritual welfare of mankind. a gentleman in our hearing, "but I have He was disinterested, zealous, and labonever exhibited them;" and there was rious in his work; travelled immense wisdom in the painting no less than in distances in performing his self-appointthe privacy. It was well to paint-it ed mission to his fellow-creatures; and was well also to conceal; it is well to the narrative of his life, as prepared by write verse-it may be excellent to keep himself, ranks among the most curious it in one's portfolio, to be resolute and remarkable records in our language. against sending it to the newspapers, to It is true, Dow did not possess a powerbe chary of reading it to the best be- ful intellect, and was upon many subloved and most patient of friends. It is jects superficial in his learning and bigcertainly no argument against the va- oted in his opinions. He believed in lidity of any composition that it em- visions, dreams, and prognostications. bodies thoughts and feeling which, He wrote a great deal of trash when enthough novel to the individual, are yet gaged in controversy or in expounding common to the race; but this consid- theological dogmas. He had deep-rooteration diminishes the necessity and ed prejudices, which often exhibited propriety of formal publication, and themselves almost ludierously in the should warn us against the sheer vanity midst of pious appeals or sober narraof parading truisms which, however tive. He had special antipathies against fine and familiar, are truisms still. It Jesuits and Calvinists, and constantly is the secret of poetical vitality that it denounced them, and with considerable expresses what the majority of men have rhetorical power, in his sermons and felt, and after one happy spirit has found writings. His sharp, smart, or shrewd thought, a mockery of the original song others were innumerable, and are even becomes easy to hundreds who sing yet, after the lapse of more than a quartreasured up and remembered. We are distance by a country in despatched for the purpose. The driver was naturally desirous of getting as much conversation as possible from his

"Why, what a noble mountain that is!" The driver subsided.

But we proceed to the story:

A THIEF DETECTED.

One night after Mr. Dow had retired to bed, after a hard day's travel in the persons collected in the bar-room to enburning, more disappointment, and joy their usual revelries, as was the cushouse, and that if the money were there mera can put off. There is no fault to As he entered the room his eyes ran

> "Have any left the company since you lost your money?" said Mr. Dow.

> "None," said the loser, "none!" "Then," said Lorenzo, turning to the landlady, "go and bring me your large dinner-pot.

This created no little surprise; but as supernatural powers were universally conceded him, his directions were unhesitatingly obeyed. Accordingly the pot was brought forward, and set in the middle of the room.

"Now," said Lorenzo, "go and bring the old chicken-cock from the roost." This was also done, and at Lorenzo's

directions the eack placed in the pot and sovered over with a board or lid. "Let the doors now be fastened and

the lights extinguished," said Mr. Dow. Which was also done. "Now," said he, "every person in the

room must rubs his hands hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cock will crow." Accordingly all came forward, and

rubbed, or pretended to rub, against the pot. But no cock crew. "Let the candles now be lighted,"

said Lorenzo; "there is no guilty person here. If the man ever had any money he must have lost it some place else But stop," said Lorenzo, when all thinwere prepared; "let us now exami

This was the important part of hi rangement; for on examination it